NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO. 8. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1876. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

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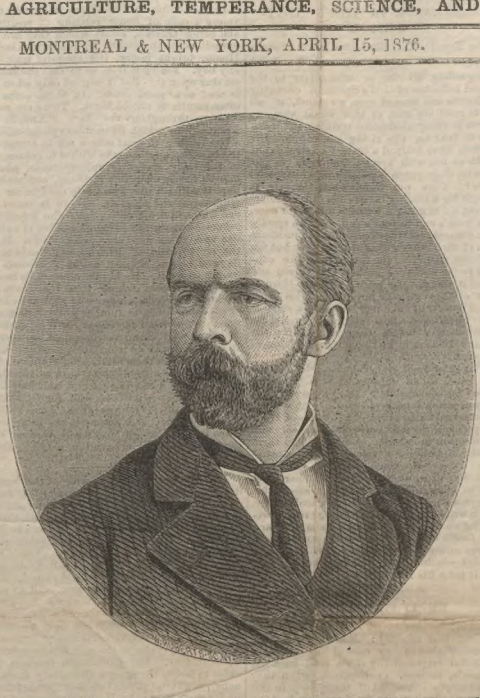
THE CHURCH OF JESUS IN MEXICO.

During the three hundred years following the Spanish conquest of Mexico the Roman Catholic Church reigned supreme in it. Her churches were magnificent, and she was even nearly satisfied, to outward appearances, with her convents, colleges and other evidences of wealth, and the Inquisition was her right hand of power. In 1810 a Roman Catholic presbyter named Hidalgo protested against Spain's tyranny. The Inquisition, ever foremost in persecution, and the Spanish authorities turned fiercely upon him, and in a few months the friend of his country was dead. But his cause did not die. His cry of "Liberty of Independence" was re-echoed all over the country until the Liberal party in Mexico had become powerful. Then as the balance of power began to shift from Spain to the Liberals, the Roman Church, having become alarmed at some action of the Spanish Government, deserted its cause, and, taking sides with the Liberals, assisted them to speedily achieve independence. This was accomplished in 1821. But the Church then wanted to be the tyrant in place of Spain. The Mexican Liberal party wanted to organize themselves into a Liberal Republic. The two parties fought between themselves, and it was not until 1857 that the latter had gained such power as to be able to promulgate a Liberal Constitution, and pass what was called the "Laws of Reform," by which the Church's power was broken, its convents being suppressed, much of its property nationalized throughout the Republic, and its more prominent and aggressive supporters banished.

Then a way was made for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, the preaching of the Gospel, and the organization of a pure branch of the Christian Church in Mexico. The British and Foreign Bible Society sent an agent with a large supply of Bibles to Mexico. Francisco Aguilar was one of several Roman Catholic presbyters who welcomed the Bible to Mexico, and tried, with the assistance of several laymen, to establish a church that should be entirely emancipated from Rome, friendly to the Liberal Republican Government, and advocate the general distribution of the Scriptures. Don Benito Juarez, the President of the Government, amongst other members, recognized the political importance of this movement, and tried to encourage its members by lending them two churches which had previously been used by the Roman Church. The movement met with every form of persecution from the Roman Catholics, but Aguilar bravely persisted in his work. He was nobly assisted by Prudencio Hernandez, a successful business man. Through the intrigues of his enemies Hernandez's business was destroyed and his capital swept away. The work, however, was continued, and Aguilar each Sunday read the Bible to his little flock, administered the Lord's Supper, preached Christ and Him crucified, and conducted their worship, partly with selections from the Church of England Prayer-Book and partly with extemporaneous prayer. Soon, however, Aguilar's health gave way, and on his dying bed he obtained the promise from Hernandez that he would continue the work, and then saying, "I die tranquil," shortly after his spirit passed away.



REV. DR. H. CHAUNCEY RILEY, OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS IN MEXICO.

Hernandez nobly pursued the work so nobly begun, and now this pure branch of the Christian Church is known as "The Church of Jesus" in Mexico. It has at present connected with it fifty-six congregations, three of which celebrate Divine service in three former Roman Catholic church buildings, and it is possessed of those instrumentalities found in the past so powerful to prosecute God's work. The Romanists from the first have heartlessly persecuted the adherents of this church; many have been murdered; the houses of several have been burned; in some places Romanists refuse to buy from or sell them anything, dismiss them from service when their connection with the church is known, and refuse to give them work. Some even when asking for employment have been turned away with the taunt, "You may now eat your Bibles for food." Congregations of the Church of Jesus have even been attacked by armed mobs of Romanists and the members driven from their homes. Yet all the persecution is only educating the noble spirit of Christian fortitude and dependence and faith in God which has ever made the Christian Church strongest when thought most weak.

The information on which the above is based is obtained from a letter in the New York *Witness* by Rev. Dr. H. Chauncey Riley, of the City of Mexico, who last year spent some time in the United States endeavoring to raise funds to carry on the important and very promising work in which he is engaged. His knowledge of the Spanish language eminently fits him for it, and he himself has spent many thousand dollars of his own money on the mission, and freely devoted several years of his life to it. The mission is connected with the P.E. Church, but is conducted in Mexico as a national, not a foreign effort.

OUTSPOKEN ALLEGIANCE.

It is noticeable that when ripe-minded, eminent men become Christians, they show a simplicity and sincerity perfectly childlike—and there is no fearlessness like that of a child in matters of the heart.

An eminent legal gentleman, who had been a skeptic until middle life, was so impressed by a sermon preached in his hearing that he was led earnestly to examine the truths of religion, and finally to embrace them.

Strong in his new life, and happy with the sense of pardoned sin, as soon as he reached home on the evening of his conversion, he surprised his wife by saying:

"I have found Christ, and I must set up my family altar. Let us go into the drawing-room and pray together."

His wife was a Christian woman, and might have been expected to assent at once; but it happened that the drawing-room was occupied, and the guests not being a religious company, she felt that their presence might interfere with devotion.

There are four lawyers in there, husband," she said; "hadn't we better go and have prayers in the kitchen?"

"No," replied the husband. "It is the first time I have invited the Lord to my house, and I don't propose to invite him to the kitchen."

He went directly to the drawing-room, greeted the lawyers, and said to them:

"My friends, I have just been convinced of the truth of Christianity. I have found out that Jesus Christ died for me on the cross. I have given myself to Him, and now I am going to invite Him to my house. While I offer my first family prayer, you can remain if you will. I leave it to your choice."

The lawyers all declared they would be glad to remain, and they did so while their host conducted his devotions.

Noble was the example he set them there and then; and his act contains a lesson for everyone. Whoever or whatever you have with you, give Christ the best room.

The man of whom this story is told was Judge McLean, of Ohio, afterward Chief-Justice of the United States.

LITERAL INTERPRETATION.

There is a suggestion in these words from "Ets," which is worthy of frequent repetition to all who would teach the little ones at home or in the Sunday-school:

I am afraid we infant-class teachers do not realize how literally a child understands the most that it hears. We use illustrations and figures; they are interested, and there may be a few that grasp the spiritual truth we would teach; but the majority see only the picture and remember only the story, or so literalize the illustration that it serves rather to darken than to elucidate the truth. This fact has been made more evident to me recently by a closer intimacy with childhood, and the view thus gained of the inner workings of a child's mind. Crude thoughts and fancies such as we would scarcely imagine possible are often suggested by some figure or misunderstood illustration, which hours of earnest explanation will scarcely remove. For instance, after the lesson on "Jesus lifted up," one little girl in her bed-time talk asked softly, "Where would *we* have been crucified if Jesus had not been crucified for us?" This question she would not have asked in any other than a tender, confiding mood, and consequently might have held the strange fancy for years. She had heard over and over again that Jesus died for us,—that we deserved to die, but he became our substitute:—it was perfectly natural that she should have literalized the idea, and supposed that it was the painful death of the cross from which he saved us. How long she had wondered where her individual Calvary would have been, I do not know; but certain I am that the childish question opened the eyes of one infant-class teacher to see how easily false impressions are made, and sent her to her knees for more wisdom and grace that she might be enabled to make the truth so clear that even the youngest and dullest shall understand and receive it.—*S. S. Times.*

THE ELEPHANT ON GUARD.—When M. Lally was governor of Pondicherry, in the East Indies, all the elephants died through want of food, except one, which was a great favorite, in consequence of his kindness and sagacity. This animal was wandering one day through the town, when a man, who had committed a theft, sought refuge from his pursuers under the elephant. Pleased with the man's confidence, the animal faced about to the crowd, and would not allow any one to approach. Even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, could not prevail upon him to give up the thief. For three hours the elephant stood on guard, when the governor, hearing of the affair, came and pardoned the thief. The animal seemed to understand what had happened, for, after the man whom he had protected had embraced him, he became tame in an instant.—*From Animal Sagacity, published by S. Partridge & Co., London.*

THE HARD DAY.—"Sunday was the hardest day of the week to me, when I put off preparation for my class to the latest hour," said a teacher. "But now that I begin to prepare early in the week, and keep at it through the week, I find my Sunday labors greatly lightened." There is philosophy as well as fact in the statement. Try it.

Temperance Department.

MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS ON NERVE PULP.

In a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* is an exhaustive and carefully-written paper upon "Physiological Influence of Alcohol." It is calm and scientific, not emotional, but crowded with facts and information. According to this article, when a spirituous drink is taken into the body it does not simply run through the digestive cavity of the body, but it runs through the blood before it can find any escape, and it clings to that blood for a considerable period, flowing with it round and round through the circling stream of its increasing progress. It goes everywhere, in each fibre, membrane and tissue, and fills and saturates each vital organ—flesh, brain, heart, liver, lung, kidney, skin and secreting apparatus. Wherever there should be blood under the natural arrangements of life, there is now blood mingled with the alcoholic spirit.

Articles of food are "complex bodies, built up from simpler elements by the effort of vegetable life." Alcohol is not such a complex principle. The foods which furnish substance to the living structures are, for the most part, composed with the aid of nitrogen, and have therefore an affinity with the vital parts of the human structure. "The fibrin of the blood, the muscular flesh, the cartilages and tendons, the membranes and the skin, the soft nerve pulp and the brain, are all so many examples of nitrogenized matter." But alcohol is entirely devoid of nitrogen in any form. In the exceptional cases where alcohol has been found useful, an unnatural condition of the body exists, and physicians should determine when stimulants as a medicine are necessary.

The parts of the body which possess the most energetic vitality, the brain, the nerves, and the nervous material of the spinal cord, are principally composed of matter of the most pulpy consistence, so soft that it may be almost termed melting. This nerve pulp is packed into minute filmy sacks and tubes discernible only by microscopic aid. Through these tiny and almost invisible films the blood is "filtered." The nerve pulp appropriates such qualities of the blood as nourish life and build up the structure, and at the same time they reject and throw back into the stream their own waste particles. Large quantities of water enter into the composition of this pulpy matter, and the first evil effect of alcohol is an "uncontrollable impulse" to draw water into itself. Excessive use of alcohol hardens and dries up the nerve pulp in such a way as to impair if not spoil it for its proper office. *When excessive drinking does not produce intoxication it is because the nerve pulp has become insensible as an "oiled skin."*

The flushed face upon the approach of inebriation is among the earliest signs of the disturbance of those delicate "filterers" in their work, the face being among the parts of the body exceptionally supplied with blood. The "restraining" or filtering work of the pulpy substance is impaired and hence the unnatural reception of blood into the pulp cells. If this unnatural process is repeated or becomes habitual the blotched, red, swollen or pimpled face is the result of keeping the nerve pulp saturated with alcohol, and the delicate membranes, thickened, dried and dyed red show through the skin.

The first stages of intoxication are shown in the want of command over the lower lip and lower limbs. The nerve pulp of the spinal cord is touched. The muscles feel the torpor. Trembling and shuddering follow. Next the nerve pulp of the brain comes under evil influence and the control of the judgment and the will disappears. When a man is what is termed "dead drunk," the paralysis of the higher nerve centres and of the brain is carried to its full end. All inlets of the senses are closed; all consciousness and sensation are destroyed, and all power of voluntary movement is effaced. The heart—the seat of life—toils on. If an enormous quantity of alcohol is swallowed at once, as in the case of foolish wagers, the toil of the heart soon ceases, and the man is dead indeed. But in ordinary instances the torpor saves life, as it stops the drinker just at the point when further drinking would kill him outright.

With this general view of the effects of alcohol, and the manner in which they are produced, it is easy to understand why headache, sleeplessness, nausea, palpitation of the heart, and the "trembling delirium" accompany and follow the excessive use of alcohol. A poison in the stomach can be pumped out or voided. A poison in the blood must wait removal till the efforts of nature effect it. But when nature itself is abused or impaired, its recuperative power soon becomes destroyed The effects of continued alcoholization upon the liver, kidneys and stomach it is unnecessary to describe, as they are well understood. But where the mischievous process begins, and how it is continued, are points new to most non-medical readers.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Rev. D. K. Guthrie says in the *Sunday Magazine* :—

Regarding all else as subordinate to the blessed influence of God's Spirit in changing the hearts and lives of men, we must, if we are to reach the root of this social vice, endeavor to bring wholesome training and influence to bear on the rising generation. Ere children have learned a taste for stimulants, ought we not with special emphasis to put them on their guard against this wide-spread snare? Take our Sunday-schools :—Is it enough for a teacher to caution his scholars against sin in general terms, never once, from year's end to year's end, does he specify with distinctness this so common and insidious form of sin? Could that teacher look but ten or fifteen years into the future—did he consider (what statistics gathered in prison and out of it too plainly prove) that one-third at least of these girls or boys now in his class, are in danger of making shipwreck on this very quick-sand—how anxiously would he set the danger before them, using, like the divine text-book in his hand, "great plainness of speech!"

Why should not every Sunday-school in our land have, as an adjunct to it, a "Band of Hope" for the scholars? Of all the agencies for prevention (and here especially prevention is better and likelier than cure), Bands of Hope are, perhaps, the most reasonable in theory and encouraging in results. Children join them ere the appetite for vicious indulgence has been awakened. Such pleasure as strong drink does give, they neither know nor yet wish to know. Their minds are susceptible of impressions at once terrifying and tender, which will abide with them through life. Forewarned now of the drunkard's doom, they are, with God's help and blessing, forearmed—and so may safely pass that period when many a hopeful youth is ensnared, "and knoweth not that it is for his life."

EMPTY THE BARREL.

A lady speaker at an English temperance meeting said recently: May I beg you to remember that in any case of this kind it is a fearful responsibility if we hold back our husbands, fathers, or brothers, when they have become convinced of their duty in this matter. A woman can do so much in backing up her husband, so that if she holds him back it is a very serious thing. A friend of mine was telling me not long ago, that her husband, since they were married, was feeling very uncomfortable about this question. But her ill health at the time had put off the subject, and the doctor had recommended her to take home-brewed ale. The husband got in a barrel of a superior kind, and she was to partake of this ale during the time she was nursing her child. When this barrel came she fancied she was getting good by it. But one morning the gardener came into the house quite intoxicated. The husband came to her in great trouble and said, "John had broken out again." She said, "I don't know what is to be done." The husband said, "I have been thinking I will sign the pledge with him this time, and try what good that may do." She said, "Do so, by all means, and I will sign too." He replied, "No. You cannot at present; wait till you are in better health, and till that barrel of beer is finished." "Don't trouble yourself about that," she said. "If you agree to sign, I will sign also." "Of course I agree," he said. She could not be happy otherwise. The man was brought in and they all signed. She felt that drink was making that man what he had become, making his wife miserable, and perhaps he would break out again. He had sometimes got drink in her house. When he knew that that barrel of ale was there, she thought that he would expect that he should get some. She said to her husband, "I will give it up if you consent." So at last the decision was made, and my friend's husband and the gardener went down to the cellar, and though it is more difficult to roll a barrel of ale full than empty, they got the barrel into the backyard, and drawing the bung, allowed the whole to run away down the drain. Not another drop of drink of any kind has entered her house since, and it is more than 20 years ago. She has brought up her family, and has been greatly honored of God in standing up for abstinence. During these 20 years that woman did not suffer in health. Indeed, I have never met a woman who suffered in health from having given up the drink for God, and I don't know say who have given up abstinence for their health who are better of the stimulants. The practice goes on, but they never get cured. But I know many who take it regularly who did not do so before. But they took it at first upon the doctor's orders. Now, one part of our work is to withstand the doctor's orders.

IT'S A LESSON TO US.—There is among the young a code of honor relating to treating and being treated, about which they are as punctilious as the duelist for his famous code. Honor, bright honor, is a splendid trait in any boy. Far be it from us to cast the faintest slur upon it. But it is good only when it is used in a good cause. In these cases it often results in untold harm. There are now forming throughout the East "Anti-Treat Leagues," by which its members pledge themselves neither to treat others nor to accept of treats. Let any one who wishes to reform, if in the early stages of intemperance, plant himself firmly upon this platform, and we believe it will lift him again into the free air of temperance and sobriety. There is many a one who will drink with others who would be ashamed to own himself such a slave to appetite as to drink in silence and solitude. It is the social nature of drinking that lends to it its fatal charm, at least, before it becomes a confirmed habit. Its beauty becomes its bane. Listen to a voice coming from the grave of Dickens, in words overheard as spoken by one of his countrymen to another while they stood together upon that sacred spot in Westminster Abbey: "'E 'adent oughter died, 'e 'adent. It was the drinks he took, Tom, hand the way 'e went on with them everlasting dinings. 'E ought 'a been a good 'earty buck to this day with 'is what's 'is name's secret half finished, and the public payin' in well for it, that's what 'e ought. Tell you what, Tom, hit's a lesson to us to 'look not upon the wine cup when it is red' and if they'd put that on his tomb-stone, would 'a been the truth."—*Crusader.*

TWO TESTS.—The advocates of moderate drinking, after all are not ignorant of its dangers, and hence they are evermore urging cautions and prescribing endless limitations. Speaking of quantity, they come down to the lowest point even, "next door to a teetotaler." They seldom allow more than "a glass," "a glass or so," "a drop," even "a little drop!" And when measurement is not named, it is "not too much," "not more than will do you good." You are "not to abuse the good creature of God," though it is of a very abusive nature itself. Teetotalers need no such cautions; their favorite drinks are innocent, harmless, enjoyable to the end, and they drink without fear. Our moderation teachers, in order to lessen the danger (for safety there is none), ought to provide two instruments for all under their care; the Hydrometer to test the alcoholic strength of the liquor, and the other the strength of the drinker's nerves. The first is indispensable, for these drinks range from 5 to 50 per cent. of alcohol, and it is in many cases want of knowing the real strength that men are "overcome," "over-seen," "overtaken," or "get over the line." Here then, Mr. Moderationist, is your first task. The next is equally important, a Nerveometer to try the strength of each drinker's nerves, so as to ascertain how much he can "stand;" for while a couple of glasses will be more than one man can stand comfortably, there are soakers who can manage a couple of bottles. Besides, this nervous test would require to be applied frequently, because such are the changes which take place that one glass "takes hold" of a man at one time perhaps more than half a bottle would do at another. I affirm, then, that the teacher that recommends moderation is bound to these tests if he intends to prevent drunkenness.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—Mr. Andrus, from the Mardin mission, Turkey, now in the United States, sends the following extract from a letter recently received by him from the native pastor at Mardin: "A week ago four young men came to me, one an Armenian (Papal), and three Protestants—and the fourth is almost a Protestant. They said, 'Do you know why we have come to you? We have drank a great deal of arrak (the distilled liquor of that country—a weak alcohol), and have spent a great deal of money. We have seen that the end of the course we have entered upon is evil exceedingly. And now we, of ourselves, have come to you to pledge before you, and before God—to take oath by the Testament, and to write a pledge—to the effect that whoever of us shall break this pledge, that is, shall drink anything that intoxicates, he shall give 1,000 piastres ($50 currency), which shall go for the preaching of the Gospel.' They have done so, and have given me a paper to this effect. And they said: 'We hope, by as much as we have pulled down, we shall build up.' We arranged that they should form a society, and they asked that there might be some spiritually minded brethren associated with them. Then we prayed, and so they departed. Some months previous I had spoken with some of them, and God has begun a work in them, and we will ask Him to finish the work."

THE DRINK TRAFFIC.—Give the liquor-seller a village in which there is not now one drop of intoxicating liquor, and not one person who has ever tasted such a thing. There is not one soul in that village that has ever thought or dreamed of the drink. To every one there the first tastes of it are disagreeable in a high degree, if presented in an undisguised form. Yet that is the very field in which the trader will choose to have his license. It is a well-to-do village. There is money to be got there, and abundance of clothing for the pawnshop, too. There is not only no "demand" for his "goods," but there may be a deep hatred and a sincere dread for his business. Our rulers, to their shame, understand that a "demand" which will soon be strong enough to yield them thousands, can readily be created by the "supply," and they "license" the trader! He understands the case, too, for he knows he can pay his "licensers" their money, and have a still greater amount to himself. He opens his house, and that in a most "respectable" style, and produces his "goods." The demand is almost instantly created. Somehow, men and women find out that they need that which they never needed before, and no need it that the three gilt balls of the pawnbroker are seen in the village, it may be within less than a year of the opening of the liquor shop!—*Prof. Kirk.*

A DOLLAR ON INTEREST will yield six to ten cents a year. A book in one's house, treating on his business, whether it be farming, gardening, or any mechanical pursuit, will furnish new ideas, awaken new thoughts, develop mental power, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, lead to improved methods of culture or work, that will save or bring back many times the cost of the book. Still more important is it where there are growing sons. Let them see that their calling is important enough to have books written upon it, and they will respect it more: they will read, and that will cause them to think; and thinking is what not only raises men above the brutes, but raises one man above another. How many parents see their children reading fiction, exciting and demoralizing story books, etc., and make no effort to make them intelligent in the direction of their daily work. Five, ten, or fifteen dollars put into books of this kind, will pay ten-fold, a hundred-fold the interest can be realized in any other investment. Think of this.

THE BREWERS AND MALTSTERS AMONG THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS!—The following advertisement has appeared in a public journal:

—"To Parents and Young Gentlemen choosing a Profession.—A vacancy will shortly occur in a large country brewery, with extensive maltings, and brewing all classes of ales and porters for home and export trade, for a young gentleman to throughly learn this lucrative and gentlemanly business in all its branches under the principal, who is a graduate of Oxford University, in whose house a pupil might reside, if desired. Terms moderate, but the highest references must be forthcoming.—Apply, M.A., Post-office,——." The *World* says:—"If brewers are to be considered professional men, why not allow the same privileges to stockbrokers and hatters? Possibly M.A. means Master of Allsepp, and B.A. might signify Brewer of Ale of the best description."—*Alliance News.*

—A novel misconception of the law on drunkenness was brought out by an application made at the Worship-street Police Court, London, recently. A woman came into court, and, addressing herself to the magistrate, Mr. Bushby, said that on the 28th of December she was before his Worship, and his Worship ordered her 10*s*. Mr. Bushby was at a loss to understand to what the applicant alluded, and enquired in what way she had come before him. She explained that the policeman brought her—that, in fact, she was charged with having been found drunk. "I was brought here," said the woman, "and you ordered me 10*s* or seven days." She had "done the seven days," and now she came for the 10*s*. Mr. Bushby unsuccessfully endeavored to disabuse the applicant of the very original view which she had imbibed of the honor which had been offered to her on the 28th ult. She had satisfied the law for the offence she committed in getting drunk, but it would be very unusual, he assured her, to give a prisoner 10*s* for becoming inebriated. The applicant was not allowed to remain in the box to discuss the point further, but she retired still unconvinced that by having been locked up for seven days she had not established an indisputable claim to the sum of which the payment by her was named by the magistrate as the alternative of her incarceration.

MODEL HOSPITALS.

In the description of an imaginary "City of Health" read recently by Dr. Thompson before the Social Science Convention at Brighton, England, the following plan for hospitals is given:

Passing along the main streets of the city we see in twenty places, equally distant, a separate building, surrounded by its own grounds—a model hospital for the sick. To make these institutions the best of their kind, no expense is spared. Several elements contribute to their success. They are small, and are readily removable. The old idea of warehousing diseases on the largest possible scale, and of making it the boast of an institution that it contains so many hundred beds, is abandoned; the still more absurd idea of building hospitals for the treatment of special organs of the body, as if the different organs could walk out of the body and present themselves for treatment, is also abandoned.

It will repay us a minute of time to look at one of these model hospitals. One is the *facsimile* of the other, and is devoted to the service of every five thousand of the population. Like every building in the place, it is erected on a subway. There is a wide central entrance, to which there is no ascent, and into which a carriage, cab, or ambulance can drive direct. On each side the gateway are the houses of the resident medical officer and of the matron. Passing down the centre, which is lofty and covered in with glass, we arrive at two side-wings, running right and left from the centre, and forming cross-corridors. These are the wards; twelve on one hand for male, twelve on the other for female patients. The cross-corridors are twelve feet wide and twenty feet high, and are roofed with glass. The corridor on each side is a framework of walls of glazed brick, arched overhead, and divided into six segments. In each segment is a separate, light, elegant removable ward, constructed of glass and iron, twelve feet high, fourteen feet long, and ten feet wide. The cubic capacity of each ward is 1,680 feet. Each patient who is ill enough to require constant attendance has one of these wards entirely to himself, so that the injurious influences on the sick, which are created by mixing in one large room the living and the dying; those who could sleep were they at rest, with those who cannot sleep because they are racked with pain; those who are too nervous or sensitive to move, or cough, or speak, lest they should disturb others; and those who do whatever pleases them—these bad influences are absent.

The wards are fitted up neatly and elegantly. At one end they open into the corridor, at the other toward a veranda, which leads to a garden. In bright weather those sick, who even are confined to bed, can, under the direction of the doctor, be wheeled in their bed out into the gardens without leaving the level floor. The wards are warmed by a current of air made to circulate through them by the action of a steam-engine, with which every hospital is supplied, and which performs such a number of useful purposes that the wonder is how hospital management could go on without this assistance.

If at any time a ward becomes infectious it is removed from its position, and replaced by a new ward. It is then taken to pieces, disinfected, and laid by ready to replace another that may require temporary ejection.

The hospital is supplied on each side with ordinary baths, hot-air baths, vapor baths, and saline baths.

A day sitting-room is attached to each wing, and every reasonable method is taken for engaging the minds of the sick in agreeable and harmless pastimes.

Two trained nurses attend to each corridor, and connected with the hospital is a school for nurses, under the direction of the medical superintendent and the matron. From this school nurses are provided for the town; they are not merely efficient for any duty in the vocation in which they are always engaged, either within the hospital or out of it, but from the care with which they attend to their own personal cleanliness, and the plan they pursue of changing every garment on leaving an infectious case, they fail to be the bearers of any communicable disease. To an hospital four medical officers are appointed; each of whom, therefore, has six resident patients under his care. The officers are called simply medical officers; the distinction, now altogether obsolete, between physicians and surgeons being discarded.

The hospital is brought, by an electrical wire, into communication with all the fire-stations, factories, mills, theatres and other important public places. It has an ambulance always ready to be sent out to bring any injured persons to the institution. The ambulance drives straight into the hospital, where a bed of the same height on silent wheels, so that it can be moved without vibration into a ward, receives the patient.

The kitchens, laundries, and laboratories are in a separate block at the back of the institution, but are connected with it by the central corridor. The kitchen and laundries are at the top of this building, the laboratories below. The disinfecting-room is close to the engine-room, and superheated steam, which the engine supplies, is used for disinfection.

The out-patient department, which is apart from the body of the hospital, resembles that of the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham: the first out-patient department, as far as I am aware, that ever deserved to be seen by a generous public. The patients waiting for advice are seated in a large hall, warmed at all seasons to a proper heat, lighted from the top through a glass roof, and perfectly ventilated. The infectious cases are separated carefully from the rest. The consulting-rooms of the medical staff are comfortably fitted, the dispensary is thoroughly officered, and the order that prevails is so effective that a sick person, who is punctual to time, has never to wait.

The medical officers attached to the hospital in our model city are allowed to hold but one appointment at the same time, and that for a limited period. Thus every medical man in the city obtains the equal advantage of hospital practice, and the value of the best medical and surgical skill is fairly equalized through the whole community.

In addition to the hospital building is a separate block, furnished with wards, constructed in the same way as the general wards, for the reception of children suffering from any of the infectious diseases. These wards are so planned that the people generally send sick members of their own family into them for treatment, and pay for the privilege.

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

A few days ago, a teacher in a public school, to punish a child, lifted him by the ears, dropped him, lifted him again and again and dropped him, till the child was seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. I have seen a lady lifting a child by the ears and carrying it out of a room to punish it for some trifling offence. We are shocked and disgusted by the recital of brutalities inflicted on children by their drunken parents or infuriated teachers; but it is quite probable that the amount of cruelty by injudicious and respectable parents, under a mistaken sense of duty, far exceeds the crimes of the ignorant and intemperate. Many parents box the ears of children,—striking them a square blow on the side of the head—a dangerous and wicked punishment. The sudden compression of the air within the ear is very apt to be injurious, and the shock to the brain is perilous to the intellect. The injury may not be perceived at the time, but the foundation of future and unspeakable suffering and sorrow may be laid by one inconsiderate blow on the temple of a child. More common than this, and equally cruel, is the practice of pulling the ears of children, the most common mode, with some parents, of punishing their own children. Teachers sometimes hold a child's ear while he is reading, and pinch or pull it at every blunder, thus hoping to keep the child's attention fixed for fear of the pain. A worse mode could not be adopted, for the child's mind is diverted to the danger and from the lesson, and so he stumbles. Such parents and teachers deserve corporal punishment themselves. The delicate organism of the human ear requires the most gentle handling, and to treat it as a mere cartilage to be pulled for the purpose of punishing, is a piece of inhumanity that reason forbids and religion condemns. Some parents send their children into a dark closet where they are in terror of imaginary goblins. Perhaps this is not as common as it was fifty years ago, but it is not out of use. It is not unfrequently the cause of idiocy or insanity, and no judicious parent will permit it to be practiced in his house. Nurses often frighten children with tales of terror, threats of bears and big men, to carry them off. A nurse detected in such crimes should be discharged before night. She cannot be cured, and she must not be endured.

Cruel and unusual punishments are forbidden by human law. It is wonderful that parental instincts and human love are not strong enough to restrain the hand of fathers and mothers from hasty, passionate and intemperate violence on their own flesh and blood. A father vents his impatience on the son of his affections. A mother worn with care, wanting to read her novel or go to sleep, beats her babe to make it quiet. But a parent or teacher should never punish a child, in heat or with sudden violence. Such punishment has no moral force in it. The calm, judicial, righteous judgment is as needful in the infliction of pain upon an erring child, as in the sentence of a prisoner at the bar. If you cannot govern yourself, you are quite unfit to govern children, and if you strike a child in haste or under excitement, you deserve to be whipped yourself.

Is the rod to be abolished, and would we condemn the punishment of children when they do wrong at home or in school? So far from it, the wisdom of Solomon is wisdom yet. To deny the right and duty of punishing disobedient children, is logically to overturn the government of man and of God. And as obedience in society is in order to the highest happiness of the community, so in the family those children are the happiest who are taught and required to obey. Scolding will not make them obedient. Fretting makes them worse. Harshness, severity, cruel pains, loud words, and hasty blows are all wrong. But an even temper, inflexible purpose, unyielding to the entreaties of the child who wishes to do wrong; these are virtues that dwell in every right mind, and will regulate the government of every well-ordered house.—*Irenæus, in N. Y. Observer.*

A Microscopic Difficulty.—With every increase of power in the objective there is a shortening of the focus and a lessening of the area of the real field of observation. For instance, the one inch focus objective might take in the whole of a fly at one view. But suppose it is desirable to so enlarge a single organ of that insect as to be able to inspect all its peculiarities, it would have to be done with a higher power, and when done this particular organ would itself fill the field. It is a little curious how general the difficulty seems to be to comprehend this point. Suppose an artist be required to paint in life-size the portrait of a babe, and a spread of canvas just large enough be furnished for that purpose. But the patron has changed his mind, and now requests the artist to paint on the same canvas a life-size likeness of the child's father. It is plain that the thing is impossible. We have a friend who is very skilful with the microscope. A neighbor one day brought in a dead gold-fish, some three inches long. He said he had been so delighted by thinking on that animalcule that was magnified a thousand times, that he had often thought how splendid a gold-fish would look when so enlarged; and "Now," said he, "wouldn't you be so good as just to put your very strongest magnifier on this fish?" Only to think, he expected to see inside that narrow tube, all clad in golden armor, an ichthyic monster 250 feet long, every scale of whose plate-armor would be ten feet broad; and these, too, fluted with grooves into any one of which a man might lay his right arm!—*Harper's Monthly.*

Danger of Whipping Horses.—Prof. Wagner says: "I would caution those who train or use horses, upon another point, viz., that of exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse training by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then from necessity crushing the will through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment, and skill of the real horseman as the care displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be used judiciously, and great care should be taken not to rouse the passions, or excite the will to obstinacy. The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to operate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affectionate and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse, as well as in training a child. A reproof given may be intended for the good of the child, but if only the passions are excited, the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive and courageous horses only at the risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of a naturally gentle character to be spoiled by whipping once, and one horse that was made vicious by being struck with a whip once while standing in his stall."

A Mystery Explained.—Several members of a family in this city recently found themselves troubled with red spots and blotches on their bodies, the disease appearing somewhat like ivy poison. Not understanding the cause, the family physician was consulted, and he suggested that it might be the result of the careless use of copper utensils in cooking food, and was clearly of opinion that it was due to poison in some form. Further investigation developed the fact that the servant girl, in her ignorance, had been using water from the hot water faucet for making tea and coffee, boiling potatoes, and, in short, for all cooking purposes. This at once furnished a solution of the problem. The hot water, in this, as in nearly all cases where hot water comes from the pipes, is drawn from a large copper boiler, which, by its situation in respect to the pipe, can never be thoroughly cleaned out, and in course of time collects sufficient impurities from the water and particles of the copper to render it poisonous for all use in drinking or in cooking. It is further rendered noxious by its passage through lead pipes, and by its never being fresh, as in the cold water, which usually comes direct from the street main. It would not be surprising if many cases of sickness in this or any other cities could be traced directly to the cause we have indicated above, and house-keepers should watch their domestics vigilantly to see that only the water from the cold water pipes is used in any part of cooking for the family.—*Worcester Spy.*

Spurgeon on Throats.—Spurgeon says: "If you wish to ruin your throats, you can speedily do so; but if you wish to preserve them, note what is now laid before you. I have often compared the voice to a drum. If the drummer should always strike in one place on the head of his drum, the skin would soon wear into a hole; but how much longer it would have lasted him if he had varied his thumping, and had used the entire surface of the drum-head! So it is with a man's voice. If he uses always the same tone, he will wear a hole in that part of the throat which is most exercised in pronouncing that monotone, and very soon he will suffer from bronchitis. I have heard surgeons affirm that Dissenting bronchitis differs from the Church of England article. There is an ecclesiastical twang which is much admired in the Establishment—a sort of steeple-in-the-throat grandeur—an aristocratic, theologic, parsonic, super-natural, infra-human mouthing of language and rolling over of words."

A Horse with a Silver Throat.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* has this account of "a horse with a silver throat": "He was a kindly, hard-working beast belonging to the Cincinnati Omnibus Company, but was 'wind-broken,' and on that account had grown almost useless. It was a pity, and a loss as well, to turn him out to die—he wouldn't sell—so it was determined by Myers, the veterinary surgeon, to try an experiment, an expedient—in short, a 'kill-or-cure' remedy. So two months ago he made an incision in the animal's throat and inserted a silver tube in the wind-pipe to facilitate breathing, leaving a sort of artificial nostril at the point of insertion. The device works like a charm, the terrible wheezing has ceased, the incision has healed up beautifully, and the horse is doing his full day's work and eats his full allowance. The silver throat can be removed and replaced at will for cleansing, but is so arranged as not to get out of place or cause any inconvenience to the horse.

A Safe Light.—The night policemen of Paris carry a convenient lantern whose construction is thus described: A small vial holds a piece of phosphorus as large as a pea, upon which is poured enough boiling olive oil to fill up about a third of the vial. The latter is then closely stopped by a cork. In use, the stopper is released for a moment, so as to permit the entrance of air to the phosphorus. The vacant inner space is thereupon lit up, diffusing a clear and, of course, perfectly harmless light. When the light fades it may be revived by a fresh uncorking. A lamp so prepared will hold good for six months without renewal.

—Nursing—that is, the care of the sick—ought to be an institution. Nothing is more needed than regular establishments in which nurses may be trained to perform their parts. Many persons falling sick are dependent upon the services of others besides the members of their own families. Sairey Gamp is by no means an uncommon illustration of a class of hired attendants upon those who require the most tender and watchful care. For example, a friend of the writer, a lady of considerable distinction, happened to become very ill at a famous Boston hotel. She was not without friends at hand, and much pains was taken to procure her a suitable nurse. She grew rapidly worse, and was not expected to survive from day to day. After trying several unsatisfactory ones, by the recommendation of an eminent physician a woman was sent to take the place of others who had been found incompetent. This nurse was tall, gaunt, and somewhat ghastly-looking. Upon approaching the bedside of our friend, she passed her hand gently over the forehead of the patient, and asked, "May I not smooth your pathway to the grave?" In the middle of the night the lady, awaking, saw the nurse trying on her bonnet, who, being thus detected, turned from the mirror and coolly enquired if it was becoming. The lady told her she might keep it, supposing she had herself no further use for it, especially since it had been thus appropriated and the nurse was summarily dismissed as soon as morning came. Happily the lady recovered in spite of such melancholy and at the same time officious nursing, and now, after some years, is enjoying herself in foreign travel; but she says the memory of that night gives her a chill even now.—*Harper's Monthly.*

— Sir Josiah Mason, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, England, has built in that city a scientific college, at a cost of $500,000, and has endowed it with a gift of $150,000. Besides this, he has sold his business, and intends to give the proceeds, about $500,000, to the college.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued*)

"I've got it! Sixpennorth of it. Such a lump! Now then, look sharp!" And before Janet knew what she was about to do, she had dived in amongst the horses' legs, and was over at the other side of the street.

With trepidation, but yet with a kind of desperate courage, Janet followed her, and for ten minutes Tabby went on rapidly threading her way round corners, through alleys, along busy thoroughfares, poor Janet keeping up with her as she best could, till at last she plunged into a narrow court, and stood still before an open door. She stood here just longenough for Janet to come up with her, and then, merely giving her companion a nod of the head, she vanished inside the house, and Janet could only follow her through the darkness (for it was almost night now) by the sound of her steps.

She had begun to climb a steep narrow stair, up which she went from story to story, poor little Janet eagerly following her, and stumbling and tumbling in the gloom a dozen times over, until they reached the top of the house, and here at last Tabby paused again. There was a little glimmer of light coming in upon them from a sky-light above their heads.

Now, if mother's in, won't you catch it!" Tabby suddenly said.

"Shall I?" asked Janet faintly, shrinking back.

"Won't you? That's all! I wouldn't be in your shoes for something." And then, having raised her guest's spirits with this kind hint of a stirring welcome, Tabby opened a door before her, and went in.

CHAPTER VIII.

To Janet's great relief, for her companion's last words had made her shiver, the room they entered seemed empty.

"It's all right; she ain't here. I didn't think she would be," said Tabby. "I only said it to give you a turn. She don't almost ever come home till late. Sometimes she stops out working, and sometimes she stops out drinking, and sometimes she stops out 'cause she's too far gone to come in. Come along now; hold the candle till I get a light. Why, can't you hold it steadier than that? One 'ud think you was starved with cold."

"No, I'm not cold," replied Janet. But her hand was shaking nevertheless, and she put the candle down upon a table as soon as Tabby had lighted it.

What a wretched, poverty-stricken room it was! So bare, so dirty, so comfortless! In one corner there was an unmade bed, with the tumbled bedclothes lying in a heap upon it; an old deal table stood on the uncovered floor, and two or three chairs with broken seats; there were the ashes of past fires lying in the grate; there were dirty cups upon the table, a dirty saucepan standing on the hob, dirty clothes hanging up against the walls. Janet turned sick as she looked round her. She had been in many a poor woman's room before now, but never in one like this.

"Now, if you ain't hungry, I am," said Tabby after a moment or two's silence, during which she had trimmed the wick of the candle with a hair-pin, and swept the crumbs off part of the table with the skirt of her frock. "If you ain't hungry I am; so I'm going to set-to." And she unrolled her parcel; and, proceeding at once to business with a beautiful simplicity, took up a lump of pudding in her fingers and transferred it straight to her mouth.

She ate it off the paper in which she had brought it home, and she ate it without the help of fork, or spoon, or knife, or plate. After she had taken a few mouthfuls she paused a moment and looked in a speculative way into Janet's face.

"If you wants any you'd better look sharp," she said. "What ails you at it?"

"Oh, n—nothing," replied Janet, faintly, and stretched out her hand, and took up a lump of pudding too. But she was so sick and frightened that though she took it up she could not eat it, but put it to her lips and drew it back again, and then all at once flushed up and burst out crying.

"My eye, you are a soft one!" said Tabby when she saw this proceeding, and she stared at Janet with round, wide-opened eyes. Indeed, the sight seemed so surprising to her that for nearly a minute she sat with a piece of pudding arrested half way on its passage to her lips, quite absorbed by the curious spectacle before her.

"Well, you're the greatest gaby ever I knew. What's the good o' crying? You've got some good victuals; you ain't starved yet," she said at last.

"Oh yes, I know! Oh, it isn't that! But what—what—what am I to do?" sobbed poor little Janet, and dropped her pudding back upon the table, and looked at Tabby so eagerly and piteously that, hardened street gipsy as she was, Tabby did not quite like it.

"What are you to do? La! what does anybody do? You'll get on somehow, like the rest of us," said Tabby bluntly, not much accustomed to administering consolation. "You'll have to grow a little sharper though, or you won't be much hand at it. How do you think I'd get on if I wasn't sharp? My eye! fancy me sitting blubbering like a baby! Why, how old are you? I'll bet that you're as old as me; not that I'm sure how old I am," said Tabby frankly. "But I ain't mor'n than seven—or eight—or nine. You're much about that too, I should say; ain't you?"

"I'm just eight," said Janet.

"There now; I guessed you was. And to think of you blubbering still, as if you was two or three! Why, if you go on like this for nothing at all, what would you do if some one whopped you?" And having crushed Janet by this contemptuous question, Tabby addressed herself to her supper again, and went on comfortably with her meal.

Janet, too, took up her piece of pudding once more and tried to eat it; but there was a lump in her throat, and she could hardly swallow. She was trying with all the power of her little brain to think what was to become of her—where she was to go when her supper was ended—where she was to spend even this first night. Careless little Tabby was munching away with all her might, enjoying the pleasure of the moment, and apparently not thinking either of before or after. But Janet could hardly think of the present moment at all; she could only think of the misery that she had suffered already, and of the unknown trouble that she had still to face.

"Well, I can't do much more, I'm thinking," said Tabby at last, pausing in her labors and smacking her lips. "There, if you wants that last bit you may have it;" and she pointed with her greasy finger to a fragment still remaining of the feast.

"Thank you," said Janet meekly, and put forward her hand to take it; and then suddenly stopped, and, "I can't eat it now, but I think—I think I'll put it in my pocket," she said timidly.

"Put it in your pocket!" exclaimed Tabby instantly at this proposal, seizing the piece of pudding in her own hand, with a look in her face like a young tigress. "You've no more right to put it in your pocket than I have. It's my pudding just as much as yours."

But you've had nearly the whole of it already," pleaded Janet.

"Well, and if I have, whose fault was that? I didn't stop you from having it, did I? Put it in your pocket, you mean thing!" and she glared at Janet with a pair of eyes like too small fires.

"I thought, I might have it to take away. I thought, when I had had so little of it——" began Janet, wistfully.

But Tabby had already burst into a torrent of abuse, and there was nothing for it but for Janet to break off her sentence and hold her tongue. The little vagabond poured out her bad words, and as she shot them out she ate the pudding up, till pudding and abuse both came to an end together; then licking her lips, she concluded the ceremonies of the table by wiping the fat off her hands upon her frock, and crushing the paper which had held their supper into a ball, which she courteously launched at Janet's head.

Janet ducked to avoid the blow, and then sadly got upon her feet.

"I think I had better go now," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Where d'you want to go to?" asked Tabby instantly.

"I don't want to go anywhere," said Janet.

"Then why can't you stop where you are?" said Tabby. "Come," she said suddenly, "I'll tell you what—you're such fun that if you like to stop here a bit — Mother 'll make a row, of course, but I dare say she 'll be drunk when she comes in to-night, and so she won't know nothing till morning; and then, when she sees you, if you'll just do like me, and give her as good as you get, and won't mind a slap or two, she'll leave you alone soon enough. For, bless you, if we gets our own living, what does it matter to her? And then we can go out together, you and me; and la! if you don't come round them with that prim face o' yours! I looks so wicked,

you know nobody'll give me nothing (that's why I has to take it so often); but if I had a meek face like yours, wouldn't I make a mint o' money! Oh, my eye! wouldn't I!" cried Tabby, looking as if her mouth was watering at the very thought. "Come, now," she said sharply, "would you like to stop?"

"I—I don't know," said Janet, hesitatingly.

She was standing up; she had been feeling for the last few minutes as if she would be glad to go anywhere out of this wretched place, and yet suddenly when she thought of herself again in the dark, unknown streets, wandering homeless amongst them, it seemed to her as if any shelter that was offered her was a thing to grasp at—even a shelter like this, with a drunken woman and a little street thief. She looked wistfully and hesitatingly at Tabby.

"Do you think it would be best to stop? I don't know—I can't think—only—oh, I've nowhere else to go!" the poor little soul cried out suddenly.

"Well, if I was you I'd stop," said Tabby, in a business-like way. "Good offers don't come twice. Look now; I'll tell you what we'll do. You'll have to stop somewhere, and I'm thinking, though you might tuck in at the bottom of the bed, yet if mother was to kick out in the night——"

"Oh, I could sleep upon the floor—or anywhere," said Janet.

"Yes; but, I say, I'm a thinking suppose we has a lark? Suppose you gets into bed instead of me, and lets mother find you there in the morning. Only—if she was to hit you, perhaps, and give you a black eye——" said Tabby, seeing upon reflection some slight objection to this plan.

"Oh yes; I would rather sleep upon the floor," exclaimed Janet hastily.

"Well, you see, if mother was to get into one of her tantrums when she found out about you, she might smash you before you knew where you was; that's all. It won't matter if you're a bit away from her; but just to wake up, you know, and find you close to her feet——"

"Oh, yes," said Janet quickly.

"You'd be safest on the floor, I daresay; and then, you see, I could throw an old gown over you, so that mother'll never notice, whether she comes home or not. Only, I say, mind when you wake up in the morning you don't move. Just you keep an eye on me, and when I says—let me see—when I says, 'Pudding' then jump up like a shot, and we'll have it out. There now!" said Tabby, as if she felt that she had concluded all her business satisfactorily, and was ready to wash her hands of it and enjoy herself. "There, that's settled. And now let's have a bit o' fun. It ain't late yet. I don't want to go to bed—do you? Suppose we tells stories—real spicy ones, with ghosts and murders in 'em. I say, have you ever seen a ghost?"

"No," said Janet quickly. "Have you?"

"I should think I had! I saw one—well—a week ago."

"Oh!" said Janet, rather with a gasp.

"Oh yes, there's plenty of them to be seen. If you goes to the right places they're as plenty as blackberries. I'll tell you about one or two,— shall I?"

"If you like to," said Janet, a little faintly.

"Well, the first ghost ever I saw was in a churchyard," said Tabby, fixing her eyes on Janet with rather a wicked twinkle in them. "That's the nat'ral place for them, ain't it? Well, I was a sitting late at night upon a tombstone——"

"But why were you doing that?" asked Janet, hastily.

"Why shouldn't I ha' been doing it? La, I sits anywhere. Sometimes it's on a tombstone, and sometimes it's on a doorstep. I don't care. I was a sitting on a tombstone, eating a bit o' cake, and—what do you think I saw? As sure as you're alive I saw something white a crawling on the ground, and presently it rose up, and up, and up, till it was—oh, such a height! and it was all wrapped up in a great white sheet, and it had its arms stretched out, like this, and it came nearer and nearer," said Tabby, stretching out her own arms as she spoke, and advancing her face till it nearly touched her companion's, "and then, all at once—all at once—bo!" cried Tabby, with a sudden shout, and burst out laughing as Janet gave a cry, and leapt up on her seat.

"There now, you looks just as if you thought the ghost was a coming! What fun you are!" cried Tabby the next moment, rubbing her small brown hands together. "Come, I'll tell you another story, shall I? I'll tell you a true one this time; such a story! It'll make your flesh creep,"

"But couldn't you—couldn't you tell some pretty stories?", interrupted Janet rather piteously. "I don't care about stories that frighten one—at least, not so very much."

"Oh, but I do," said Tabby. "I think there's nothing like 'em, and when you tells stories you must choose what suits yourself, you know. Let me see, what was I a going to say? Oh, I know. Once upon a time—No," said Tabby, interrupting herself, "that's how the fairy stories begin, and this ain't about fairies; it's about dead people. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

This engraving, after a celebrated painting, illustrates in a remarkably vivid and truthful manner an Eastern scene of suffering and death, witnessed, too often in the Sahara and other deserts. The traveller lies dead on the arid sands; his camel still lives, and is trying to defend itself against the rapacious vulture which hardly waits for Death to complete his victory before it begins its feast; the empty water bottle shows one reason of the calamity; other vultures are rapidly flying to the feast; and the sun, momentarily increasing in power, mercilessly pours its rays and heat on the wide expanse of desert, boundless as the sea.

The Family Circle.

I AM A CHRISTIAN.

I am a Christian, and I love the name,
Nor will I shrink thro' fear or guilty shame,
To tell the world that I belong to God—
Redeemed and washed in the atoning blood.

I am a Christian, and I'll bear my cross,
Tho' it exposes me to grief and loss;
My loving Lord who hung upon the tree,
Endured the cross, a heavier one, for me.

I am a Christian, cheer'd with inward grace
And by the smile which beams on Jesu's face,
O! may I act a Christian and proclaim
The saving power of my Redeemer's name.

I am a Christian, and I hope for heaven,
Because in Christ I feel my sins forgiven;
Tis' but a little while till He shall come
And take me with His ransom'd people home.

S. Moore.

Quebec.

SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

"Sally, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are getting quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright-looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and a drink of coffee before he answered.

"In the little wagon. I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "the wash will be all out by noon, and I will clean up."

"Can't I have one of the pigs for going for them, father! You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit next fall with the money it brings." He pulled her ear when he went out again to his work.

"My!" Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ear. "I'm sure I'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father gave her last year. Mother, can't I take Lot and Polly; it is such a long, lonesome way to go by one's self?"

Mrs. Watson assented, adding: "Dolly is such a fast trotter you can stay there a while, and get home before dark. Be sure you stop at the post-office, and go to the store and get me some buttons."

There was a great deal to do; dinner was late, and the afternoon had quite set in when Sally started. Her way was through the village a half mile off, and then nearly five miles beyond. It was the first week in October, the day was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled: it was not fenced off, and the wild grape and pawpaw were almost within reach, as they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or flung out long, graceful branches of purple, and brown, and scarlet; the pawpaw was flaming in golden yellow; the haw, with its red berries, dotted the roadside, while here and there, brilliant with the hue of royalty's self, great clusters of iron-weed towered in autumn light, and from the branches of the butternut, hickory and walnut, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before—for a travelling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

Then they fell to talking "sposens," what they would do if a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apples through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was "so cunning."

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the noise, and come and sit beside her on the seat.

He arose to do as he was bidden, and as he did so, stood for a moment with his back to her, still poking the pigs. Just then the wagon jolted over a large stone, he was thrown on the coop, the stick was punched violently into a pig's side, it squealed, Lot screamed and Patty began to cry.

Considerably out of patience, Sally leaned back, and, catching him by the arm, was about to seat him rather violently beside her, when she was arrested by his exclaiming:—

"See! see! Sally, look! look! what an awful bear!"

The tone of his voice more than his words—for he was a sensational child, and was constantly seeing wonderful things—caused Sally to turn her eyes in the direction indicated by his frightened gesture.

The wood was open at this spot, and there were no large trees near; but at some distance, almost alone, stood a great sycamore, the branches of which were nearly bare; between the tree and the road the ground was thickly covered with blackberry, pawpaw and other bushes.

As she glanced quickly toward the great sycamore, a something huge, she could not tell what, leaped from the tree to the ground, and she could hear the underbrush crack beneath it. She knew there were no ferocious wild animals in Ohio, nothing in the forests to harm her, and had not been for many years, but her face blanched with fear.

"Lie down," she said, in a tone which both terrified and quieted the children, as she thrust Lot to the bottom of the wagon and tore the stick from his hands, laying it quickly and forcibly on Dolly's back.

The horse sprung forward in a gallop reaching the foot of the hill in a few moments and clattering over the few boards thrown across the creek for a bridge. Now Sally ventured to look back. The huge thing was on their track, coming along in great leaps, which would soon bring him up to them.

"Don't raise your heads," she said to the children, who were so alarmed they lay perfectly still. Then she leaned forward and, with all her strength, belabored the horse. There was a long level piece of road now, but the nearest house was a mile off. Poor Dolly was speeding over the ground, intensely roused and excited by this unusual treatment, and seemed to feel there was danger, for her ears stood erect.

Sally turned again to look. There was nothing now to intercept her view, and she saw the terrible animal not far behind, amid the cloud of dust their progress made, coming on—on!

Frantically she struck poor Dolly.

"Is the bear coming? Will he eat us?" came in smothered accents from the bottom of the wagon, where the children lay with their faces pressed close to the boards.

Sally did not reply. She gave another look, saw that the thing gained on them, and exerting all her strength in giving Dolly a last blow, which sent her bounding forward, she got over the seat—over the children, unheeding their questions, and seizing one of the coops threw it over the tail-board out in the road. The pigs squealed as it touched the earth, and the noise added to Dolly's terror, which was now so intense she was entirely beyond Sally's control.

"Are we going to be eaten up?" Lot whimpered, in almost a whisper.

"Hush," she answered, "hush." She let the horse take its way, and placed herself on her knees between the children and the other coop.

The terrible creature had stopped. She could see it strike the coop with its paw, and see the pieces fly as he touched it. How long would it keep him, she thought; and there came a throb of relief as she saw that meantime they were speeding further and further away.

She looked round in vain; there was no one in sight, the farmhouse was still a quarter of a mile ahead, and the animal she feared was becoming only a black spot in the distance: but as she gazed with fixed eyes, she saw the dust rise again. It was moving.

They reached the farmhouse gate. It was closed. She could not stop Dolly now, and, even if she could, she had not the courage to get down and open it, and drive to the house some distance up the lane. She called aloud, but no one heard. There were turns in the road—several; she could not see the animal coming. This was worse than watching its approach. She threw the other coop out, then stretched herself between the children, closed her eyes, and drew her arm tightly around each.

As she lay thus clasping them, she felt Dolly's space slacken. She kept still, feeling that if she moved something would spring upon her. The horse was evidently wearying—gradually her gait became slower; they must be near the village.

With a great effort she raised herself, and saw the houses only a little distance in advance. She crawled over the children and the seat, and gathered up the reins. Dolly gave a start as she did so, but in a moment subsided—got into her usual pace, and dropped that for a walk. In a few moments she was in the street of the village, and at the store. Clambering out of the wagon, Sally tried to tell Mr. Jones her story, but burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

The children, who had followed her, now found their voices, and eagerly told of the bear, and how she had thrown them the pigs.

"Bless my soul, what is this?" asked Mr. Jones, in excitement.

Then Sally recovered and informed him of what had happened to them.

"Why—why," he muttered, in agitation, "it's the panther that escaped last night from the menagerie at W. There is the handbill put up about an hour ago, offering a reward for it. You're—you're lucky he did not make a meal of you instead of the pigs."

Patty shook her head. "The poor things hollered so."

A crowd soon gathered in the store, eager to hear all Sally had to tell: then the men of the village armed themselves to go in search of the animal.

Sally was still trembling, and poor Dolly, wet as though she had been through the river, was shivering and panting at the same time. The half-mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village ran for the better part through a wood. Sally was too much alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed: "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarm.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with: "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still unnerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE WAY OUT OF POVERTY.

There are many thousands of respectable persons and families in our land at the present time greatly crippled by pecuniary embarrassments, and not a few are grinding in the prison-house of poverty, and know not the way out. In most cases there is an honest and honorable way out. The waymarks are, good common sense in exercise, industry, self-denial, good economy, and pay as you go. Let us look at these waymarks on the road to prosperity:

1. There are thousands ground down in perpetual poverty simply because they do not and will not bring their good sense to bear upon their circumstances. They build castles in the air, and these come tumbling down on their heads. Instead of depending upon small and honest gains with saving, they attempt to raise themselves by artifices and doubtful speculations. Wisdom in all these matters is profitable direct. A daily dose of good common sense, applied outside and in, would straighten things out, and set them to building on the rock of industry and frugality, and not on the vagaries of an erratic fancy.

2. The poor man, if he means to rise, must look well to his time and skill. These are both marketable commodities, and bring money. Every laboring man must make the best possible use of his time and skill. They are his stock in trade, and should not remain idle. A day wasted is at best like throwing so much money in the fire. If there is no work in the shop, in the field, in the office, or store, there is in the garden, in the woodhouse, or in the house, making improvements and putting all right. Allow no time to run to waste; no time for visiting, for excursions, or pleasure-taking when wants call for toil and attention. "A diligent hand maketh rich." A poor man who loafs away $50 a year soon squanders enough in this way alone to furnish himself and family with a good, cosy home.

3. Another way-mark on the road from poverty to prosperity is self-denial. You do not need fancy clothing, nor fancy food, nor fancy amusements, nor fancy society. Our real wants are few and simple. The most of us may weed out much from our tables, our wardrobes, and our sensuous pleasures, and our health and happiness would be improved, and much money saved for the day of need. Tobacco, patent medicines, artificial drinks of all kinds, confectionery, pastry and condiments may be banished from our lips, hearts and tables with a great saving of time, health and money. I speak from many years of experience and know whereof I affirm. Self-indulgence is a prodigal and a spendthrift, and comes to want and often to to crime.

4. Another way-mark of prosperity is good economy. This consists in making a good and wise use of our means, our time, talents, earnings, and income. The economist is a neat, tidy, industrious, careful, trustworthy man, who allows nothing to waste through neglect. Such men with a common chance always work their way up hill and enjoy more and more of the sunshine of prosperity.

5. But there is one more way-mark. It is: Live within your income and pay as you go. A poor man should never get in debt a single penny for his living. If you ever mean to work up into competency, shut down the gate of debt so far as current living expenses are concerned, and live wholly on your earnings and earnings in hand. It is miserable slavery to be in debt for your daily bread. This is inexcusable shiftlessness. It should be abandoned at once and forever by every poor, honest man and poor family. If you can live at all out of the alms-house, you can live on your earnings, or income. Do not allow them to run away from each other. Keep income and earnings face to face, and what you cannot now pay for, go without till you can. Wear the old hat, the old coat, the old boots, dress and bonnet till you can pay for a new one. So of your food; if you cannot pay for roast beef, go without it till you can; if you cannot pay for butter, sugar, eggs, etc., let them go till you can. Trim in, and trim down the expenses, and pay as you go, and bring the living freely, fully inside of the income, and you will soon be in easy circumstances. These simple rules, heartily adopted and faithfully carried out, and nine out of ten now embarrassed and put to their wits how to live, floundering in the slough of debt, and compromising their good name and honor, would speedily find the sunny path of prosperity, and become, independent in their circumstances.—*P. R. R. in N. Y. Witness.*

PRAYING FOR A DEFINITE OBJECT.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Mr.——took charge of a class of young ladies, some of whom were professedly Christians. One day, after a solemn conversation with them, he enquired if any member of the class wished a particular remembrance in prayer that week.

He noticed one young lady, who had appeared quite serious during his remarks, struggling with the deep emotions which this enquiry had awakened in her mind. He then addressed her personally, and asked if she wished to be made the subject of special prayer. She answered in the affirmative. He then told her that as many of the class as lived sufficiently near, would meet that evening for prayer, and that they would bear her case especially on their hearts before God.

The next Sabbath this scholar entered the class with a heart heavily burdened with a sense of sin, having found no peace in believing. The teacher talked faithfully with her, and pointed her to the sinner's only Friend and hope. At the close of the exercises, he told her that they would again remember her case that evening in their class prayer-meeting.

After the afternoon service, the minister requested several of the church, if they knew of any persons who were in an enquiring state of mind, to invite them to call at his house on the coming Thursday. On that day Mr.—— went to see this enquiring scholar, that he might learn the state of her mind and inform her of the request of her pastor. He had no sooner began to converse, than he saw her eyes

commence to beam. She could not repress the joy of her heart, and she frankly told her teacher what the Lord had done for her soul.

"When did you begin to experience this change in your feelings?" enquired the teacher.

"Last Sabbath evening," was the reply.

"At what time?" And it appeared that it was the very hour when her teacher and the pious members of her class were offering up their united prayers for her salvation.

How strange it is that so many teachers, with all the encouragements held out to them in the Word and providence of God, take so little encouragement to pray.

This incident should encourage every teacher to pray—to pray for a definite object, namely, the salvation of particular individuals, and to enlist the united and the secret prayer of his pious scholars in the same object; and it should also encourage him to frequent, personal conversation with each scholar, both in class and at their homes.—*Zion's Herald.*

A PURE LITERATURE THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

In an editorial a fortnight ago we had occasion to say, "The greatest peril of our times is the peril that threatens our youth from pernicious literature." That this is not an exaggerated statement there is fearful and abundant proof. The revelations made to our courts by Mr. Comstock, that fearless agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the frequent and severe penalties inflicted by them, indicate that the "peril" here at our doors is imminent and incessant. The morning papers of the day we write report the seizure by him of a widely-circulated weekly paper of this city, published in two languages, containing illustrations so inexpressibly vile as to excite amazement and indignation that reputable publishers in our city could allow them to issue from their press. It only demonstrates that so overpowering is the greed of gold that unceasing vigilance, such as Mr. Comstock applies, is needful to protect our homes from the "peril" that perpetually threatens them.

This "peril," we grieve to say, is one that is felt wherever our literature reaches, and the need of a pure and robust literature to counteract it is increasingly felt. There lies before us a late number of the Edinburgh *Daily Review* with a long editorial that ably discusses the influence of the English language and literature among the millions of the races abroad subject to British rule. From India and China, alone containing half the population of the human race, it says there is ever coming the cry for books of pure morality, lofty principles, and reverent faith to counteract the atheistic and obscene works that are circulating there so freely. "Our glorious English language," it says with much impressiveness, "which missionary and state schoolmasters are spreading with such rapidity, becomes a devil or an angel of light according as it is conjured with."

It goes on to show that in India the evil effects of infidel and obscene literature have become so startling that in 1873 educated natives besought the government to enforce the penal act prohibiting its circulation. A society similar to the Society in this city, of which Mr. Comstock is the efficient agent, has been formed in Calcutta, which is already a terror to evil-doers. It, however, has not yet the power to stop the nefarious traffic which all over the East is briskly pursued through the Custom House and the Post Office. One fearfully suggestive fact is brought out, that the strongest obstacle to female education in the East, is the fear of fathers and husbands that if their daughters and wives are able to read, they will become the victims of the priestly hawkers who disseminate vile literature "as a religious duty."

In China the evils of the infidel literature which is widely circulated among the English residents and the English-speaking natives are greatly deplored, and the importance of counteracting it by creating and fostering a Christian literature is profoundly felt. The *Review* exposes the fact that several daily newspapers, some aided by paid foreigners, have been commenced in Hong Kong and Shanghai, mostly adverse to divine truth, and some disseminating abominable stories about foreigners; while for years most obscene and licentious photographs have been imported and largely sold all over the empire.

From such facts as these the *Review* strongly urges the "high principled publishers" of Great Britain, and especially such institutions as the Scottish Tract and Book Society, to be more active in selecting and sending out the most suitable and valuable English classics, as an antidote to the bane. It is a fearful truth that the devil is wide awake sowing tares. It is no time for men who would have their country and the world seeded with the pure seed of holy and virtuous literature to be asleep.—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

POLLY'S REPROACH.

My parrot was brought as a present to me some years ago. When he first came to live with us, he had been brought from a long way off across the sea; and having been for some weeks on board ship, he had learned to imitate all the sailors said, and to use some very naughty words; so much so, that after the first week of his arrival I was obliged to have him taken away from the dining-room until he should have learned better manners. I put him under the care of cook, who declared she had a little plan whereby she would undertake to cure Master Polly of saying words that were used on board ship by rude, rough sailors.

She carried him, cage and all, down into the kitchen, and there he remained until he was cured. Every time Polly began to talk, and say amusing little things he had learned, nothing was done to him, but directly he said what was not pretty, cook took some water in her hand, and throwing it over him in his cage, she said, "That's for saying naughty words!" At first, Mr. Poll did not like this at all, and he ruffled up his feathers and talked all the more; but after it was repeated several times, he seemed to understand it was meant as a correction, for he became very quiet, and after a week or two we began to think he might come again to the dining-room.

One day it was warm and sunny, and I thought Polly should be hung out in his cage at the back of the house, where he could feel the warm sun, and chatter and talk to his heart's content. Now, it happened that the only place for him to be put was a little way above a cistern full of water; so they hung up the cage, and left him there. I was sitting working at a window close by, also enjoying the sun and fresh morning air, and not thinking at all about Polly, when I looked up and saw our neighbor's tom-cat come creeping stealthily along the wall, looking earnestly at the cage hanging over the cistern.

I had no fear for my parrot for I knew he was out of the reach of pussy's claws, so I went on with my work, when suddenly I heard a loud splash, and then a mew, and almost immediately a queer, sharp little voice called out (which I knew to be Polly's), "That's for saying naughty words!"

I looked from my window, and saw puss struggling in the water, and Polly looking very wise. I could not help laughing, in spite of poor pussy's troubles, who no doubt fell into the cistern while trying to reach the cage, but I soon rescued him.

No doubt the noise of the splash of water reminded Polly of what cook had said when she punished him, but I am afraid pussy did not take a lesson from "Polly's reproach."—*Children's Prize.*

—So much is undoubtedly to be learned from books that we are perpetually in danger of forgetting that a very large and very important part of mental training is not to be had from them. It is so much easier to put an instructive book into a child's hands than to exert ourselves for his improvement that we readily come to believe that a book is his best guide. But this is not unfrequently a mistake. A young mind continually poring over books is apt to grow one-sided, impassive, and simply receptive; besides that, there is much practical knowledge that is no more to be had from reading books, than one can become a good cook by simply learning recipes by heart. —*Hearth and Home.*

—A bride accepted a husband, for whom she had no love, because of his wealth: and certain persons appear to enjoy the prospects of a home in heaven, with friends gone before, who manifest no real love to the Bridegroom whom they have professed to accept. Desiring a home "in the sweet by and by" is not the love that makes us delight in doing His will now.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III.

April 16 PETER'S DEFENCE. [About 30 A. D. Read Acts ii. 12-28, Recite vs. 17, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you.—1 Peter i., 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Salvation is by Christ.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts ii. 12-28. *T.*—Joel ii. 21-32. *W.*—Ezek. xxxvi. 22-32. *Th.*—John xiv. 1-23; *F.*—1 Thess. iv. 1-18. *Sa.*—Is. xvi. 7-11. *S.*—1 Cor. xv. 35-58.

NOTES.—*Peter*, one of the leading apostles; he was a fisherman of Bethsaida, on the sea of Galilee: called of Jesus to be a disciple, then an apostle: is supposed to have died a martyr, being crucified, as Jesus prophesied (John xxi. 18), and with his head downward, because he did not count himself worthy to be put to death in the same way as his Lord. *New wine*, or rather "sweet wine" "it was not" new," for the Pentecost was in June while the first gathering of grapes came in August (*Alford and Hackett.*) *Third hour*, nine o'clock in the morning. It was the hour of prayer. The Jews regarded it unlawful to take food or drink wine before this hour: hence only wicked and dissipated persons would do it.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) False charge by Sinners. (II.) True charge against Sinners. (III.) Sinners' Saviour exalted.

I. FALSE CHARGE BY SINNERS. (12.) **In doubt**, as to the cause of these remarkable things. (13.) **mocking**, making sport of it: **new wine** (see Notes). (14.) **with the eleven**—that is, in their name; they concurring in what he said. (17.) **last days**, New Testament times as "first days" are Old Testament times; **my spirit** (see last Lesson). (20.) **notable day**, signal, terrible day.

I. Questions.—Whom did Peter address? How did he show the charge to be false? v. 15. Up to what hour did the Jews abstain from eating on fast days? Who had prophesied of this day of Pentecost? In what times had Joel said these things would happen? What is meant by "last days"? (See Notes.) What had God promised to do then? State the four classes of persons his Spirit would reach. Give the three effects he would have on them. What would appear in heaven and earth? State the three forms of these signs. Who should be saved in that day? How may men be saved now?

II. TRUE CHARGES AGAINST SINNERS. (22.) **Jesus of Nazareth**, so the Jews called him. (23.) **wicked hands**, Peter now charges them with an awful crime.

II. Questions.—Whom does Peter again address? v. 22. Of whom does he speak? State the three proofs given of Christ's mission. Who performed these wonders through him? Who knew these facts? What had they done to Jesus? Why were they guilty of this great sin? For whose sake did Jesus die?

III. SINNERS' SAVIOUR EXALTED. (24.) **raised up**. Luke xxiv. 5, 6. (25.) **David speaketh**. See Ps. xvi. 8-11. (26.) **shall rest**—that is, in the grave. (27.) **in hell**, here means "among the dead" (*Barnes*); **corruption**, not suffer his body to return to dust.

III. Questions.—What had become of Jesus? Who had raised him up? From what was he made free? Why? Who had spoken of this? v. 25. In which Psalm? How had David foretold the resurrection and ascension of Jesus? What do his resurrection and ascension prove? Do you believe these truths? What effect have they upon your life?

Connected History.—After Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were baptized and united with the disciples of Christ.

LESSON IV.

April 23.] THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. [About 30 A. D.]

Read Acts ii. 37-47. Recite vs. 38, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Rom. x. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ is the life of men.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts ii. 37-47. *T.*—John xvi. 1-15. *W.*—Matt. iii. 1-12. *Th.*—Acts ii. 19-30. *F.*—Gen. xvii. 1-22. *Sa.*—Acts v. 29-42. *S.*—Isa. lv. 1-13.

NOTES.—*Holy Ghost*, or Holy Spirit. Ghost is an old English word for spirit.—*Apostles* (sent forth), the twelve disciples whom Christ chose to be his special companions and witnesses. After Christ's death, Matthias was added to make the place of Judas the traitor, and Paul was also counted an apostle. *Temple.*—The disciples forsook not the morning and evening prayers and sacrifices in the temple; they appeared to the rulers as true Jews, with only a special sort of piety and zeal in the belief that the Messiah had come. *Breaking of Bread.*—The bread of the Jews was made into thin, hard, brittle cakes, so that it was "broken" instead of being cut. Having "all things in common," the early disciples had daily meals in common, often followed by a love-feast or as many think, by the Lord's Supper.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) Sinners' inquiring. (II.) Sinners' believing. (III.) Believers' Life in the Church.

I. SINNERS' ENQUIRING. (37.) **heard this**, story of Christ's death and resurrection; **in their hearts**, felt they were sinners; **what shall we do?** so Paul asked Acts ix. 6), and the jailor, xvi. 3 (32.) **repent**, etc., Matt. xxviii. 19; **remission of sins**, Mark i. 4. (39.) **the promise**, God's promise; **your children** (see Joel ii. 28; Isa. xliv. 3; lix. 21); **afar off**, in other lands; probably Jews only are meant by Peter. See chap. x. 34. (40.) **testify**, to bear witness, exhort, entreat; **untoward**, perverse, sinful.

I. Questions.—What effect had Peter's sermon upon his hearers? Why did they ask, What shall we do? State the two things Peter said they must do. What would they receive? Who had promised this gift?

II. SINNERS' BELIEVING. (41.) **gladly received**, freely, joyfully believed; **were baptized**, as Peter directed and Jesus had commanded; **same day**, Peter's sermon began about 9 A.M.; at its close the three thousand were baptized and united with the church.

II. Questions.—How did the people receive Peter's advice? How many received it gladly? What did they do that day? When we believe in Christ, how should we confess him?

III. BELIEVERS' LIFE IN THE CHURCH. (42.) **steadfastly**, firmly; suddenly converted, they prove firm in faith; **doctrine**, or teaching; **breaking of bread** (see v. 46 and Notes); **in prayers**. See chap. i. 14, (44.) **in common**—that is, held all their property or possessions for the use of all as needed; **parted them**, distributed or shared them. (46.) **singleness**, simplicity, evenness. (47.) **daily**, conversions in the church every day; why not so now? **should be saved**, or literally, "those being saved."

III Questions.—What shows that these three thousand new professors were real believers? How did they strive to strengthen their faith? v. 42. What effect did this day of Pentecost have on the multitude? v. 43. Why? How did the believers in the early Church use their property? What shows that they did not forsake the old place of worship? v. 46. How did the people look upon them? How often were new converts added to the church? Why is this not the experience of every church now? What prevents it?

Connected History.—The apostles and disciples continued to go up to the temple for worship; Peter heals a lame beggar as he was entering the temple for morning prayer.

LESSON V.

April 30.] THE LAME MAN HEALED. [30 to 33 A. D.]

Read Acts iii. 1-11. Recite v. 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.—Acts. iii., 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—All power is given to and by Christ.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts iii. 1-11. *T.*—Ps. iv. 1-23. *W.*—Mark ii. 1-12. *Th.*—Matt. x. 1-15. *F.*—Isa. xxxv. 1-10. *Sa.*—Mark xvi. 12-20. *S.*—Ps. cvii. 31-43.

NOTES.—*Peter.* See Lesson III.—*John*, [called also the "beloved disciple," a fisherman of Bethsaida (as was Peter), and writer of the Gospel and Epistles of John and of the Book of Revelation; he lived the longest of any of the apostles, and is supposed to have died in exile on the island of Patmos. *Beautiful*—Some think the gate Susan is meant and some that it refers to two other gates on the west side, but others refer it to *Nicanor's gate* on the east side. Josephus says it was of Corinthian brass, and far surpassed any of the nine silver and gilded gates in its splendor. It was on the east side of the court of the Gentiles, and close by Solomon's Porch.—*Solomon's Porch*, called also the great court, formed by rows of pillars supporting a roof of cedar and adjoining the inner side of the wall of the court of the Gentiles. It was called Solomon's either from being the only portion of the original temple which was not destroyed, or from standing on the same ground as the porch built by Solomon.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) The Lame Man's Request. (II.) The Healing. (III.) The Praise and the Wonder.

I. THE LAME MAN'S REQUEST. (1.) **went up**, the temple was on Mount Moriah; **ninth hour**, about 3 P.M. (2.) **carried**, too lame to walk even with a staff or crutches: **gate . . . Beautiful** (see Notes); **laid daily**, common now to find beggars at temple doors in the East; **alms**, money. (4.) **fastening**, looking sharply or closely. (5.) **expecting**, some unusual gift of money.

I. Questions.—Who went up to the temple together? At what hour? At what time of the day? Who was brought there at the same time? Where laid? For what purpose? What did he ask of Peter and John? Which of the two spoke to the lame man? What did Peter ask him to do? What did the man expect of Peter?

II. THE HEALING. (6.) **have I none**, I am not rich in money; **such as I have**—that is, the gift of healing; **in the name**, by the help or power of Jesus; Christ worked miracles by his own power; his disciples in his power. (7.) **took him**, to encourage the man.

II. Questions.—What did Peter not have to give the man? What was he able to give unto him? By whose power? Why did he take hold of the man's hand? What came into his feet at once?

III. THE PRAISE AND THE WONDER. (8.) **leaping**, for joy that he could now walk: **amazement**, at the wonderful healing; **held Peter and John**, in great joy and thankfulness, as the two Marys did Jesus. Matt. xxvii. 9.

III. Questions.—Where did the lame man first go? Who with? How? What did he do in the temple? Who saw him there? Why were they sure this man had been healed suddenly? What effect did it have on the people How did the man show his gratitude to Peter and John? Where did the crowd gather? Why? Where was the lame man when his great blessing came to him? Where would we be to gain the richest blessings from God

Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.

Prov. 16, 8.

THE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

In the last number of the MESSENGER reference was made to the "WITNESS Testimonial Fund." It is very gratifying indeed to be informed by the following letter and circular that the movement is fairly inaugurated under the supervision of so many well-known and influential citizens; and we hazard nothing when we say that the names of the Executive Committee and the Trustees afford the fullest guarantee for the satisfactory performance of the duties which devolve upon them. We most heartily concur in the Executive Committee's suggestion, that henceforward every communication relating in any way to the proposed Testimonial which may be received at our office, should immediately be handed to the Treasurer or Secretary—our columns, of course, being at their service, as a medium of occasional communication with their constituents, the contributors.

MONTREAL *WITNESS* TESTIMONIAL FUND.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HUGH MCLENNAN.....*Chairman.*
CHAS. ALEXANDER.....*Treasurer.*
WM. J. PATTERSON.....*Secretary.*

E. K. GREENE, | T. JAMES CLAXTON,
RICHARD HOLLAND, | WARDEN KING,
GEO. W. STEPHENS.

TRUSTEES.

SIR ALEX. T. GALT. | JAS. COURT.
H. A. NELSON. | F. W. THOMAS.
WM. CLENDINNENG. | GEO. FORBES.

MONTREAL, 9th March, 1876.

MESSRS. JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers Montreal WITNESS.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have pleasure in informing you that the Executive Committee of the Testimonial Fund, held their first formal meeting Tuesday afternoon, and adopted such initiatory measures as seemed necessary, resolving to meet as frequently as might be required at the call of the Chairman, Hugh McLennan, Esq. I have handed to Mr. Beatty, for publication, a list of acknowledgments to date, which will occupy a good deal of your valuable space; but future acknowledgments will be frequent, and occupy greatly less room at any one time.

I am requested to open a *most varied* correspondence, spreading over the entire Dominion, —including Ministers, Y. M. C. Associations, the various Friendly and Benefit Orders and Lodges, Temperance Orders, members of Parliament, &c, &c., which will be gradually accomplished.

I am also to say that the Executive Committee beg to suggest that, as they have now fairly in hand the matter entrusted to them by the General Committee, they desire to relieve the columns of the WITNESS of all correspondence and miscellaneous notices relating to the Testimonial,—requesting also, that in some way you intimate editorially, that, hereafter, letters containing subscriptions, suggestions, or remarks upon matters of detail that may be received by you, will be handed over to the Treasurer or Secretary.

I am, Gentlemen, very truly yours,
WM. J. PATTERSON, Secretary.

CIRCULAR TO THE FRIENDS OF THE MONTREAL *WITNESS*.

It having been suggested that a suitable Testimonial should be presented by the friends of the Montreal WITNESS to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, to mark the appreciation of their advocacy of civil and religious liberty, as well as of every cause connected with the highest interests of society,—a public meeting, numerously attended, was held in this city on Monday, 28th February, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, as follows:—

I.—Moved by Principal MacVicar, seconded by Alderman Stephens, supported by James Court, Esq., and *Resolved*,—

"That in view of the important services which have been rendered by the Montreal WITNESS to the cause of civil and religious freedom during the past thirty years, and in testimony of the very high regard which is cherished for the esteemed proprietors of that journal, it is, in the opinion of this meeting, most desirable that a strenuous effort should be made by the readers of the WITNESS and the public generally to present a liberal and fitting testimonial to Messrs. John Dougall and his Sons.

II.—Moved by Rev. Dr. Wilkes, seconded by Alderman Clendinneng, supported by Mr. Joshua Ward, and *Resolved*,—

"That the testimonial shall assume the form of a commodious and substantial building, to be used as the offices of the Montreal WITNESS, and to become the property of Mr. John Dougall and Mr. John Redpath Dougall."

III.—Moved by Alderman Nelson, seconded by Rev. Mr. Wells, supported by T. J. Claxton, Esq., and *Resolved*.

"That a Committee be formed consisting of the following gentlemen: Sir A. T. Galt, Dr. Dawson, James Court, H. A. Nelson, C. J. Brydges, M. H. Gault, T. James Claxton, Chas. Alexander, Hugh McLennan, E. K. Greene, Geo. W. Stephens, W. Clendinneng, J. McKay, Peter Redpath, John Stirling, James Moodie, A. A. Ayr, E. V. Moseley, R. W. Shepherd, A. F. Gault, Major Mills, Thomas Robertson, James Coristine, John Rankin, D. K. McLaren, Thomas Fercyd, Alex. Homes, J. Cantin, W. Steinhouse, J. Richards, John Ritchie, Robert Anderson J. S. McLachlan, Eric Mann, Dan. Wilson, David Bentley, Thos. Cramp, F. W. Thomas, Thomas Simpson, John Morrison, James A. Mathewson, J. Eveleigh, John Watson, F. E. Gratton, Richard Holland, John Barry, George Rogers, George Forbes, James Kimber, J. G. Parks, Geo. Armstrong, A. St. Denis, John Dyer, Robert Forsyth, G. S. Brush, John Allan, Peter Nicholson, E. F. Ames, S Carsley, Warden King, Henry Lacroix, John Beatty, William Brown, R. James Reekie, Alfred Boisseau, David Grant, Geo. Smith, W. R. Ross, John H. Botterell, Jonathan Hodgson, Edward McKay, Duncan McFarlane, Wm. J. Patterson, Moses Parker, and George Young, with power to add to their number for the purpose of receiving contributions, and for directing the various matters of detail connected with the purchase and presentation of the WITNESS testimonial, in accordance with the intent of the previous resolution."

IV.—Moved by Rev. Dr. Douglas, seconded by E. K. Greene, Esq., supported by Mr. Forbes, and *Resolved*,—

"That the General committee be requested to elect a Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, and be empowered to appoint all such sub-committees as they may consider desirable."

V.—Moved by Rev. Dean Bond, seconded by Mr. Patterson, supported by Rev. Leonard Gaetz, and *Resolved*,—

"That this meeting desires to give a hearty expression of its wishes that the Messrs. Dougall may long be spared to conduct the Montreal WITNESS, and that their journal may ever maintain a reputation worthy of the honor which the people of this Dominion now seek to confer upon it."

At a meeting of the General Committee, held on the 4th inst., an Executive Committee and Board of Trustees were appointed, consisting of the following persons:

Executive Committee.—Hugh McLennan, Chairman; Chas. Alexander, Treasurer; Wm. J. Patterson, Secretary; E. K. Greene, Richard Holland, T. J. Claxton, Warden King, Geo. W. Stephens.

Trustees.—Sir A. T. Galt, H. A. Nelson, Wm. Clendinneng, Jas. Court, F. W. Thomas, Geo. Forbes.

The Executive Committee heartily concur in the belief, so well expressed, that to the "energetic Founder and Editor of the MONTREAL WITNESS (MR. JOHN DOUGALL) the "people of this Dominion must ever feel "greatly indebted, and their sense of obli- "gation will be intensified by a careful con- "sideration of the self-denial and the patient "toil with which Mr. DOUGALL, as well as his "son Mr. JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL, have dis- "charged their arduous duties, and bravely "confronted their many discouragements." And in accepting the responsibility of endeavoring to give effect to the wishes of those who so very unanimously adopted the foregoing resolutions they beg most respectfully to submit a few important practical considerations, as expressive of the manner in which they hope the project may be carried out successfully.

While cordially endorsing the second of the resolutions, the Executive Committee nevertheless entertain the opinion that the precise form of the Testimonial must, after all, be determined by the liberality of the subscriptions; it therefore becomes the duty of all to unite in making the aggregate contribution large enough to render the proposed Testimonial a fitting national one. The funds will, in the interim, be placed at interest in one of the chartered banks of the Dominion. If, within a reasonable period it appears that the subscription is not likely to be adequate to give effect to the precise terms of the resolution, the Executive Committee will adopt the best method of communicating with the subscribers, so that it may be decided what form the donation should then assume, in view of presenting it in the form of a gift not subject to attachment for debt. The foregoing suggestion, which the Executive Committee feel it their duty to make, is not one which arises from doubt as to what *can* be done with comparative ease, but simply as indicating a possible contingency,—for which the friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS throughout Canada will themselves be responsible, but which the Executive Committee, with the necessary co-operation will spare no effort to avert.

It may have been noticed that a number of subscriptions of from five to one hundred shares ($5 to $100) were given at the Montreal meeting of 28th ult. While all such are most thankfully acknowledged and encouraged, still the Executive Committee entertain the belief that the great bulk of subscriptions is likely to come from the masses of the population in small sums, probably of not more than one dollar; they desire to stimulate this effort strictly as an index of general appreciation, and thus bringing it within the reach of every reader of the WITNESS publications to aid in the movement which has been so auspiciously commenced.

As far as practicable, the Executive Committee favor the formation of Local Committees, and will endeavor to open correspondence with as many as possible of the cities and towns of the Dominion, to induce the formation of such auxiliaries,—as the work of collecting and transmitting subscriptions will, by that means, be most rapidly and effectively promoted. But in the meantime it is earnestly hoped that, without waiting to be officially communicated with, the friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS will forthwith take steps to organize subscriptions in their several localities, Any person, however, who may not have a suitable opportunity for aiding a local subscription list, can send his contribution by mail (*registered*) to either CHARLES ALEXANDER, Esq., Treasurer, or to the Secretary.

The various Benefit and Friendly Organizations, Temperance Societies and Orders, Young Men's Christian Associations, Sunday-schools, &c., in sympathy with this movement, are expected to give immediate effect to their intentions, communicating with the Secretary, reporting progress from time to time. Subscriptions received from Societies, Corporate Bodies, or industrial Communities, will be acknowledged in the form in which they are sent.

The Executive Committee will endeavor to preserve throughout the spontaneous and voluntary character of the proposed Testimonial; and, while they hope to give every facility for receiving and applying contributions, they will not adopt any system of solicitation through agents. The opportunity to subscribe will, in all cases, be afforded by well-known residents of each locality, and such friends as are willing to act will be supplied with the requisite Subscription Books.

It is intended to officially acknowledge, from time to time, all subscriptions in the columns of the WITNESS publications, and subscribers are solicited to accept such notifications as a receipt.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,—
HUGH MCLENNAN, *Chairman.*
CHAS. ALEXANDER, *Treasurer.*
WM. J. PATTERSON, *Secretary.*

Montreal, 8th March, 1876.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is very respectfully suggested by the Executive Committee that, for the purpose of enabling the Secretary to make full and systematic record of the contributions, all subscriptions by guarantee notes should be made payable uniformly upon the dates mentioned in the *printed forms*. It seems also imperative that, for the sake of saving expense, subscribers by guarantee notes should not require to be individually notified at the time when payments become due.

Subscription Books will be supplied by the Secretary if asked for, which will, of course, only be given in charge to the most suitable person by the local chairman.

Wherever an auxiliary committee is formed, it is expedient that all remittances to the Treasurer or Secretary here should be made, as far as possible, through the chairman of that auxiliary.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

We this week repeat the prize list. As yet there have been no responses to it, but perhaps before the end of the term some different statement will have to be made. In the last competition $60 was the lowest amount that carried off a prize; the one before there were not sufficient competitors to take all the prizes. How will it be this time?

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all the publications on or before July 1st, 1876:

For largest amount,		1st	prize,	$20
For second largest amount,		2nd	"	15
For third	" "	3rd	"	12
For fourth	" "	4th	"	10
For fifth	" "	5th	"	8
For sixth	" "	6th	"	7
For seventh	" "	7th	"	6
For eighth	" "	8th	"	5
For ninth	" "	9th	"	4
For tenth	" "	10th	"	3

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends in the largest *number* of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six, or twelve months, we will give a prize of $10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition and the commissions allowed to competitors:

	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs.
DAILY WITNESS	$3 00	50c
TRI-WEEKLY	2 00	35c
WEEKLY	1 10	25c
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	1 50	30c
NORTHERN MESSENGER	30	5c
NORTHERN MESSENGER, Club of 10	2 50	30c
WEEKLY WITNESS with NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	2 35	50c

It will be seen by the above table that every one working for a prize is sure of a full commission on new subscribers under any circumstances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably collect the full subscription prices. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked "In competition." Without this or similar notice the amounts sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well-fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This book of 156 pages is one which well deserves public attention. It is an authority on one of the most important notarial events of the present time. Price post free, in paper covers, 50c; neatly bound in cloth $1.00.

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Four pages each. $3 per hundred

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A series of Gospel tracts Four pages each. $3 per hundred. These, if desired, will be assorted with the temperance tracts.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.
The April number of this magazine contains the portrait of Rev. George McDougall, Missionary to the Indians of the Great Lone Land, and also two letters written for the Sunday-school scholars of St. James street Church, Montreal, whose Missionary he was. They are very interesting. Price, 15c, including postage.

DRESS AND HEALTH.
Nearly three thousand copies of this Book for Ladies have been called for, and another edition is demanded. There are about five hundred copies still on hand. Very many hearty commendations of it have been received.
Price, 30 cents.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 218 and 220 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.